drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain; come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads-hill. Good morrow *Carriers*; What's a clock?

Car. I think it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lantern, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God, ſoft; I know a trick worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when? canſt tell? Lend me thy lantern (quoth he.) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you mean to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee; Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Enter Chamberlain. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlain?*

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gad. That's even as fair, as at hand, qd. the *Chamberlain*, for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giving direction doth from labouring; thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight, there's a *Franklin* in the wilde of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what, they are up already, and call for egges and butter: they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with S. *Nicholas Clarks*, I'le give thee this neck.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhippeſt S. *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old ſir *John* hangs with me, and thou knowſt he is no ſtarveling: tut, there are other

other Trojans that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their credit ſake make all whole: I am joyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpenny ſtrikers, none of theſe mad muſtachio purple-hiewd malt-worms, but with nobility and tranquillity, Burgomaſters and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner then ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner then drink, and drink ſooner then pray; and yet (zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their ſaint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their Boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will, Juſtice hath liquord her: we ſteal as in a caſtle, cockſure; we have the receit of fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night then to fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gad. Give me thy hand, thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the *Oſtler* bring my gelding out of the ſtable; farewell ye muddy knave.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poyn. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I have removed *Falſtaffes* horſe; and he frets like a gum'd velvet.

Princ. Stand cloſe. *Enter Falſtaffe.*

Fal. Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd, *Poynes.*

Prin. Peace ye fat kidneyd raſcall, what a brawling doeſt thou keep?

Falſ. What *Poines? Hall?*

Prin. He is walkt up to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeek him,

Falſ. I am accurſt to rob in that theeves company, the raſcall hath removed my horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I travell but 4. foot by the ſquaire further afoot, I ſhall breake my winde: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I have forſworn his company hourly any time this 22. yeer, and yet I am bewitcht